

Most women think a man is not really "good" to his wife unless he buys her better clothes than he can afford.

Turkey wants to borrow money. The sultan has not established a bank for this country for being a very good pay.

After searching 80 years for a lost husband a Chicago woman at last succeeded in locating a man who answered the description. But he proved an alibi.

In France there has been formed a "League of Sincerity." Its aim is to encourage its members to teach their children in morals and religion nothing which they do not believe, and doctrines and institutions to the contrary notwithstanding.

The automobile industry has proved a very profitable investment for French capital. In 1896 the machines exported were valued at 500,000 francs. Today they have reached the enormous figure of 9,400,000 francs. And the industry is only in its infancy.

Voting by machines has been found to be practicable and convenient and much more rapid than by paper ballots. It eliminates fraud and bribery and does away with the tedious counting process which is the source of many errors and much waste of time.

It was expressed at the meeting of students at the Princeton theological seminary. The surprise is based chiefly on this fact, that the young men who would ordinarily have entered the theological seminary have joined the army instead.

The assumption that a clergyman is a mild, non-combative individual is to a large extent erroneous. There is no harder fighting than that which is done by the clergy, observes the New York Journal.

It is pointed out for him not as a life of struggle, but as a life of struggle and of struggle.

The showing made by the recent census of Italy, the first taken in 20 years, must be very encouraging to that country and rather discouraging to those who count it among the decaying nations.

The fact that Italy is the only country in Europe which has a stationary population. The maximum estimate of the present population of Italy was 35,000,000. The census shows that it is 35,000,000 in Italy and that there are 5,000,000 in North and South America.

Compressed hay, straw and corn-stalks are promised to the people of the Dakotas as fuel. On the prairies of those states wood is comparatively unknown, and coal is a luxury.

Experiments recently made, will revolutionize all this. It has been demonstrated, according to reports, that a plant for the manufacture of straw fuel can be erected for \$5,000, which will have a capacity of making 50 tons per day.

It is, however, the province of earthly angels to always judge their fellow creatures hardly, and Marian delivered many a sermon to Jack on his wickedness and wickedness, which the big hearted, loving, generous fellow received with outward meekness, and inward mirth.

A COLONIAL ROSE. De Rochambeau came riding down On his prancing charger through the town; With a careworn wrinkle and weary frown His brow was shaded; And she, with a gesture demure, Threw him a rose from her powdered hair.

The fairest maid of Washington Square, In gown broaded. Fled for a moment and wife As he caught the rose with courtly smile, And thought of a maid of France, the while. Whose painted charms and dainty grace Had none forgot her.

And again he saw the old chateau Where the roses hung in garlands low When he rode away, long years ago— She died soon after. Ah, roguish maid of Frenchman Square, When the gray old Frenchman saw you, You little knew why he lingered there To bear your laughter!

A Saintry Sinner.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) When handsome Jack Orton announced his engagement to Marian Harding to his sister, she being a discreet woman, only lifted an eyebrow, and asked him if he was quite sure his choice was a wise one.

"She is an angel," he had cried enthusiastically, and his sister had made a mock gesture of despair. "My poor boy," she exclaimed, "is he so bad as all that? Don't. Only fancy having to live in the house with an angel. You could never possibly do it in peace. You are not keyed up to the situation."

But Orton laughed with the fatuous self complacency of the newly engaged, and went off to his demure little Puritan sweetheart.

In truth the girl's unwillingness to all the other women he knew had been the first thing that attracted him to her. He had met her at a big crush at a fashionable house, where she had been present by virtue of being a far away cousin of the hostess, and in her simple white frock, among all the glitter, and spangles, and flash of jewels, and bold display of white, bare shoulders and arms, she had made him think of a wild flower suddenly transplanted amid the overblown roses in a conservatory.

"Go on the stage," repeated Orton, still with his eyes on the pure little face, "God forbid." The woman raised her lorgnette and gave him an amused stare. Jack Orton, and after all that story about him and the little comic opera prima

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she cried, "I am nothing but a common, wicked gambler!" "Naw yer ain't," the boy returned digestedly, "yer ain't got de nerve. Yer ain't nothing but a bloomin' saint."

That night a very humble letter went to Jack's club, and being forwarded brought that gentleman in a few days to Marian's door. Somehow, in the new light that had come to her, she knew that a fellow sinner would understand and forgive, and that it is only the wrath of the righteous we have to fear, so without one word she fled to Jack's arms and sobbed out her story on his breast—her temptation, her sin, and her yielding.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you were very earthly as an angel, but you are simply heavenly as a sinner," and for the first time in her life Marian understood.

delicious with that little earnest frown on her face, and it pleased him to think she was considering his soul instead of the diamonds he would give her. After all, though, one does not care to be always spoken to from the heights of superior spirituality, and these began to be jarring notes. He discovered that Marian was provincially prejudiced against things of which she knew nothing, and that in many ways she was intolerant and bigoted. Her own life had been so removed from all temptation she had no sympathy, as wiser people have, with those who have been sore pressed, and have failed.

Finally they quarreled about some question about a woman whom Jack defended, and the girl gave him back his ring, quoting self-righteously something about being unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

It takes a saint to be unforgiving. Jack, who loved the girl with all his great soul, would have kissed, and made up, but Marian refused to see him the next day, and after making various fruitless efforts he buried himself and his troubles in the depths of a winter hunting camp.

After he left evil days fell on the little household. The old father became ill, and nurses and doctors ate up Marion's little bank account, and her cheek grew wan and thin trying to make one dollar do the work of three. It had always been her custom to go on Sunday afternoons to the hospital to sing to the patients, and it chanced, at this time, there was a little lad there in whom she took a great interest.

He was a jockey who had been badly hurt in a hurdle race and who was slowly recovering from his injuries. To him, Marian, with her pretty face and glorious voice was the bright spot in the dreary days of convalescence, and he literally lived upon her visits.

One afternoon just as things were at their worst with her, when she had only ten dollars left and the numberless importunities of the home and sick room were calling for it she went to see him, and he greeted her with shining eyes. "Say miss," he said, "Ben, he's my side partner, he was here yesterday, an he give me a dead straight tip, an I'll put yer next. Anita's just got a walk over."

"Anita, who's she?" inquired Marian vaguely. The boy gasped. "Youse don't know Anita? By gee, she's a race mare, an' say, de talent ain't no to her. Say, it's goin' to be a hundred to one shot Gee, don't I wish I was out of dis," and he moved impatiently.

"Hundred to one shot," repeated Marian, "what's that?" "Shucks," he cried, and then talking very slowly as if explaining things to a child: "Youse puts up one dollar, an' de bookies pays you one hundred of youse win out."

"A bet," Marian exclaimed, "but doesn't somebody lose?" "De bookies dis time, sure," replied the boy with conviction, "but dey's dead lousy wid boodle, an' it's a charity to relieve 'em. Say, gimme a ten, an' let Ben put it up for you. Dis ain't no gruff. It's a lead pipe cinch."

"She is an angel!" donna! Really men were too absurd! After that evening the acquaintance between the demure little music teacher, and the fashionable man of the world, had flown smoothly enough, and soon ripened into love. To Marian, Jack with his gay ways, his elegancies, and extravagancies, was like a being from a different sphere, and one of whose moral standard she was not a little doubtful. She had been brought up in a hard, and narrow school, and it seemed to her almost pagan for one to enjoy things frankly and openly, while to love life and laughter, and the delights of a good dinner, and a glass of sparkling wine, and the smile of a woman's fair face, seemed to her nothing less than a sinful pandering to the lusts of the flesh, as her stern old father called it.

Earth is here (in Australia) so kind Just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.—Douglas Jerrold.

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New York City.—Full waists with three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide or five and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.

Wash Flannel Waists. The albatross waist attracts customers because it is so light of weight. But a wash-flannel is too useful an acquaintance to be dispensed with. The new flannels sold for shirt waists are commonly striped. Raspberry pink lined with black, blue barred with black, and gray and green are all offered. The blue is not so pale as to look gray, neither is it a turquoise shade, but a clear, bright light blue, like a June sky.

Boy's Pajamas. Every mother knows the advantage to be found in a sleeping garment that means protection from chill and exposure when the coverings are tossed aside by restless childish limbs. Pajamas being fanned by big men as well as little possess the added merit of being mannish, and therefore desirable from the boy's point of view. The May Manton model shown is made from striped chevrot, blue and white, but Madras, pongee and similar materials are used for warm weather.

Only Mosquitoes Carry Yellow Fever. The commission consisting of Drs. Reed, Carroll and Agramonte, which has been investigating yellow fever near Havana, has arrived at two important conclusions, first, that the specific cause of the disease is unknown, and second, that it can be carried only by mosquitoes.

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Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division. In effect March 15, 1901. Trains leave Driftwood, follows:

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